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THE

Lord of the Manor.

A SONG from that OPERA.

WHEN firſt this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I ſtrove;
My grain was ſcarce, my ſheep were few,
My all of life was love.
By mutual toil our board was dreſs'd,
The ſpring our drink beſtow'd;
But when her lip the brim had preſs'd,
The cup with Nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling ſhar'd,
No other gueſt came nigh;
In them was given (tho' gold was ſpar'd)
What gold could never buy.
No value has a ſplendid lot,
But as the means to prove
That, from the caſtle to the cot,
The ALL of life is Love.

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 JUN 71

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.